



The SAILOR.

Tune—*Collin and Phæbe.*

ON Keys lofty cliffs an unfortunate swain, (vain
With tears and with Gifts woo'd his Phillis in
The merciless fates were averse to his Love,
And in vain thus the nymph he endeavour'd to move

The bloom of gay youth by your cruelties flown,
And peevish old Age e'er his time's coming on ;
Yet could but my Phillis once smile on my pain,
My youth would return with the pleasure again.

The pitting Lasses all know of my grief,
And friendly advising, all wish me relief ;
But, alas ! what relief can affect my sad mind,
'Tis in vain they advise me, while thou art unkind.

The free lads that at markets and fairs love to rove,
In quest of new faces, who answer their love ;
In vain all advise me my pains to forego,
And forget the dear pitiless cause of my moan.

Why view you, my Phillis, yon ships on the main
Some sailor, I fear, is the cause of my pain.
You guess cries the nymph with a sigh but too right,
For Harry's my love, my brave Harry will fight.

His bold native courage disdains France and Spain
Retrieves our lost glory by clearing the main ;
Bids their thunder no more roar to frighten our coast
But turn to the place where Cape Breton was lost.

Let each maid whom the love of her country thus
to pay such defenders give up all her charms, (warms
A lazy land Lubber with pride I disdain,
I love the brave sailor who ploughs the hoarse main.

